K Waring Esqr

# THE SIGHTS OF A RETREAT,

## A POEM

BY

H. Waring GENT.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Honoured

# DR. SLOANE,

SIR,

THE *Enſuing* POEM, *Entitul'd, the* Sight's Retreat, *being the Off-ſpring of an obſcure Muſe, is, with all Deference, Dedicated by the Author himſelf, to your Diſcreet Compaſſion, who being of late almoſt o're-whelm'd with Darkneſs, and his Candle at preſent quite Extinguiſh'd, humbly takes leave on a juſt Conſideration of your manifold Virtues and Perfections, to Illuminate the ſame, and Light it again at your Honour's* Altar, *who am with all due Submiſſion,*

Your Honour's Unfortunate, but
Dark and Dutiful Servant.

*Henry Waring.*

To the Honoured

DR. SIGANE.

SIR,

THE Enclosing POEM, Entitled, the Sight's Retreat, being the Off-spring of an obscure Muse, is, with all Deference, Dedicated by the Author himself, to your Discreet Comparison, who being of late almost o'recloth'd with Darkness, and his Candle at present quite Extinguish'd, humbly takes leave on a just Consideration of your many Noble Virtues and Perfections, to Illuminate the Lamp, and Light it again at your Honour's Altar, who are with all due Submission,

Your Honour's Unfortunate, but

Dark and Dutiful Servant.

Henry Marsh.

DARK in a *Closet* all alone,
(But not to Muse on *Self*,
Nor no Man's *Business*, but my own)
*Bewail* I will *My Self*.
I who have *Seen* and likewise *Gon*
as Far, ('tween Shore and Shore)
As most hath done, except the *Sun*,
am like to See *no more*.

For as the *Earth* doth Intervene
'tween *Sol* and *Luna*'s Light,
So by a Turn of *Fortune*'s Spleen,
Eclisped is my *Sight*:
For what's the *World* without a *Sun*,
but '*Chaos* as at First?
And what is *Man*, when *Sight* is gone,
but a meer lump of *Dust*?

*EYES* I have got but cannot *See*,
so Blind I am of Late,
That all, but sad *Obscurity*,
has quitted my Estate.

But GOD is *Good* as well as *Juſt*,
He ſlights not the Diſtreſt;
For what we think to be the *Worſt*,
may prove, hereafter, *Beſt*,

Eclips'd from Me are all *Good Things*
contain'd in *Nature*'s Fold;
The *Sun*, nor *Moon*, nor *Courts of Kings*,
*No More!* muſt I behold.
But all is beſt from Him that's Bleſt,
to thee no *Harm* can fall;
For if his *Grace* ſhines in thy Breaſt,
thou art not *Blind* at all.

No Need in *Heav'n* of *Carnal Sight*,
the Eye of *Man* can't bear
One *Glimpſe* of the *Eternal Light*;
for GOD Himſelf is there.
*Tobit* was *Blind*, but not in *Mind*,
*Within* he had his *Sight*.
So he who is to GOD Reſign'd,
is *always* in the *Light*.

Senſual *Saul* (but now St. *Paul*)
had not his Sight ſo well
Before his *Viſionary Fall*,
as after him befel.
He in the *Dark* miſtook the *Mark*,
for want of *Inward Sight*,
But when his *Dove* had reach'd the *Ark*,
he then beheld the *Light*.

From

From whoſe *Falſe Zeal* was no Appeal,
ſo Head-ſtrong was his *Sin*,
Till JESUS did Himſelf Reveal,
And then he ſaw *Within*.
But when from his obſcur'd Sight
the Scales of *Sin* did fall,
He then became a *Shining Light*,
and *Burning Lamp* to all.

*Dark in his Sight* but not in *Mind*
perhaps he then might be;
But who can ſay that he was *Blind*,
who did our *Saviour* See.
Who is the *Light* and *Supream Light*,
on whom we ſhould depend,
Which yet no Light nor Senſual Sight,
could ever Comprehend.

And this is *Truth*, That *Light Divine*,
which *Light* its ſelf begot,
Which here in *Darkneſs* once did ſhine,
and *Darkneſs* knew it not,
This is the *Light* and *perfect Light*,
the *Ignis* of the Mind;
For tho' your *Sight* be ne'er ſo Bright,
without it you are *Blind*.

Give Me this *Light*, oh, *Heavenly Light*!
that I the *Light* may ſee,
And in thy Bright, *Cæleſtial Sight*,
be always Lauding Thee.

Whoſe

Whoſe Heav'nly *Goodneſs* I'll adore,
in thee will put my Truſt,
Before I leave this Sinful Shore,
and turn to Natal *Duſt*.

But while I'm Fated Here to ſtay,
and ſeek my *Sight* in vain,
Inſtruct Me *Goodneſs* how I may
*Loſt Charity* Regain.
For how can he Contented be
whoſe *Sight* and *Wealth* is Flown,
Unleſs he find out *Charity*
his Trouble to bemoan.

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OH! *CHARITY*, thou *Heav'nly Fire*,
whoſe *Abſence* breeds Debate,
Oh! Where from hence doſt thou Retire,
When thou abſconds the State?
Oh! Where art thou at Preſent gone,
ſo far from my *Diſtreſs*?
To what Remoted Province flown?
and where is thy Receſs?

If ſtill on *Earth* we ſure ſhould be,
more Prone to dole *Relief*,
More Prone to ſhew *Humanity*,
and eaſe each others *Grief*.
A *Helpleſs Friend* would not Forſake,
but Vile *Ambition* Curb,

Which

Which does in State *False Faction* make,
the Nation to disturb.

But thou art gone where none does know,
long since from *Hence* art fled;
For if thou wert with Us *Below*,
thou couldst not hide thy Head.
For as the *Sun* is often hid
by *Mist* or else by *Rain*;
But when those *Mists* are Vanished
the *Sun* appears again.

But she seems gone for *good and all*,
has tan'e from *Hence* her Flight,
Above the Reach of *Human Call*,
so Wretched is our *Plight*.
But yet, Methinks some *Part* of thee,
must still on *Earth* Remain;
For if there was no *Charity*
the World would *Drown* again.

But where that *Part* does here abide
comes not within my View,
In *Court* she seems not to Reside,
nor with the *Common Crew*.
Where then must I her *Footsteps* trace,
some one to Me declare,
That I may to that *Sacred Place*
with my *Complaint* repair.

Where

Where or where not ſhe here doth Dwell,
there's no Man can Decypher,
Unleſs the *Mendicant* can tell,
who cannot Live beſide her.
But where ſhe's not we all my gueſs;
all may ſuppoſe in Part,
That with the *Rich* ſhe ſeldom is,
nor with the *Proud of Heart*.

With ſuch ſhe has not much to do,
nor they with her the ſame,
She is as much above their View,
as they beneath my *Theam*.
The *Proud in Purſe* and *Perſon* too,
her Buſineſs is to ſhun,
As They from her here Daily do,
ſo She from Them doth Run.

*Good* GOD! to what a Height of *Pride*,
and *L*atitude of *Sin*,
Are they that won't in Her Confide,
dayly involved in?
*Diogenes* with *Torch* at Noon,
where Perſons Moſt appear,
Might find an *Honeſt Man* as ſoon!
as find this Precept Here.

You may as well expect to View,
this precept hid in Wealth,
As with a *Jew* and Miſer Crew,
or ſuch as Worſhip Pelf.

In

In *Skellum* Land where *Boors* abound,
as well the *Cinnique* might
*Go* Seek her, ( where ſhe ne'er was found )
as with theſe *ſordid Wights*.

Then tell to me, Dear *Charity*,
ſince Thou at Once I know,
As well on *Earth* as Heav'n can be,
*Where Thou abid'ſt* Below.
For if the *Court* ( as ſome Report )
Nor *Town* doth Thee Conceal,
I know not where I can Reſort
to bring in my *Appeal*.

If to the *Fields* my Courſe I ſteer,
and ſearch the diſtant Plains,
I find ſhe ſeldom does appear
among the *Rural Swains*.
From *Nabal*'s Breed ſhe flyes with Speed,
and from all Churliſh Elves,
Who in their *Neighbours* greateſt *Need*
only *Regard* Themſelves.

As well I may in ev'ry Part,
where yet ihe ne'er could Reſt,
*Go* ſeek her in a *Miſer*'s Heart,
or in an *Atheiſt*'s Breaſt.
Then ſince my Search is *Here* in Vain,
I will to *Heav'n* by *Pray'r*.
Aſcend and mount the Starry Wane,
and ſtrive to find her there. *But*

*But hold*, Methinks I hear ſome ſay,
*My Friend, thou art too Bold*;
*You muſt in Courſe quite loſe your Way*
*if you this Method hold.*
*'Tis Good, indeed, what you intend,*
*'tis Good to practiſe* Prayer;
*But ſhe muſt firſt be here your Friend*
*e'er you can well get there.*

In Me 'tis Baſe then to Comply
with every Falſe *Negation*,
And ſlight the Rule of *Charity*,
which leadeth to *Salvation*.
'Tis She, unleſs you'd go aſide,
and Wander in the *Dark*,
That in your Way muſt be your *Guide*,
or you will miſs the Mark.

*Patience* ſhe gives to them that Toyls,
from no Man's *Wants* e'er Fled;
The *Virgins Lamps* ſhe feeds with *Oyl*,
the *Hungary* with *Bread*.
'Tis ſhe prevents our *Second Fall*,
ſaves us from one another:
'Tis ſhe that does preſerve us all
from Ruining each other.

As *Satan* was to *Tophet* hurl'd
for Practiſing *Sedition*;
So *Charity* props up the World
from ſinking to *Perdition*.

Good

Good GOD! Let Me Who cannot See,
from hence all Vice deteſt,
And all who ſlight not *Charity*
be at her *Altar* Bleſt.

*Bavus* the Rich on *Belus* Poor
look'd with Contempt and Scorn,
'Cauſe *Belus* Hat he did not low'r,
he being better Born.
But this is *Pride* not *Charity*;
for *Charity* will bend,
Show Courteſie with Cap and Knee,
either to Foe or Friend.

To JESUS then the *God of Light*
my Soul I will diſplay,
And to his *Name*, with all my Might,
Sing *Anthems* all the Day.
But *Charity* to ſeek indeed
no Place more Proper Here
Than in the *Creed*, or *Pilgrim's Weed*
and you will find Her there.

Where in *Church Militant* Below,
Communes with *Church* Above,
And daily does on Both beſtow
the Sacred Band of Love.
Sacred indeed! tho' by Some deem'd
to be but Common *Food*;

A Sign-Poſt is as much Eſteem'd,
as is the *Holy Rood.*

Yet I with Heart and Supple Knee
to this Bleſt *Croſs* will creep,
And there *Abſorpt*, as I ſhould be,
another *Deluge* Weep.
Where to the Good of the *Firſt Claſs*,
to whom theſe *Lines* I ſend,
She may Prefer a *Pauper*'s Caſe,
and raiſe Him up a Friend.

For if we all were in one State,
and She ſhould all forgo,
Who could prevent a *Sodom* Fate
from Burning all below?
From Woes at Preſent and to Come,
Deſtruction, Death and Hell,
And all the Plagues *Abroad* or *Home*,
or ever yet Befell.

What will ye do, Oh! Sons of *Men*,
when *Chriſt* Returns with Ire,
To Viſit *Jacobs* Race again,
and Judge the World by Fire:
Then ſhall we wiſh as all will do,
that *Charity* had Stay'd,
And that to Her we'd been more True,
and in Her Robe aray'd.

When Trembling from the Grave you muſt,
like a Poor wite Diſmay'd,
Once more put on your Native Duſt,
and quit the Naucious Shade ;
Inſtead of being then a Friend,
will Agravate Your Caſe,
No more will on Your State attend,
but ſtand 'tween You and Grace.

Occult and hid then will She be,
will leave You to Your Fate,
To Gods Deficive Equity,
and Heav'ns impending Hate,
Therefore in *Cloſſet* Dark will I,
once more in this ſad State,
Delate on my Obſcurity,
and my Dark *L*anthorne Fate.

When *Sol* withdraws his Splendid Ray,
and Rain on Earth does Power,
When Clouds does Skreen us from the Day,
and Heav'n above does *L*ower,
But worſe it tis in my Dark way;
now quite Depriv'd of *L*ight,
In *Green-Land*, *Bears* ſees more of Day,
and leſs then I of Night.

But 'tis not ſo with my Blind Fate,
Devoid of Earthly Bliſs,

For whilst I'm in this Gloomy State,
the World a Dung'on is,
*Cemerian* Darkneſs is my Lott,
with me in this Tereen,
Tho' Wonders more I have forgot,
then Half the World has ſeen.

Wretched and Sad is that Mans Caſe,
that nothing here can Spy,
In this Confuſed Wretched Place,
But his own Miſery,
But what availeth Wonders here,
on Sea or yet on Shore,
To one whoſe Sight does Diſappear,
and is to See no more.

Helpful are all things in their kind,
that are to Care allay'd,
Except the Sick that nought can mind,
nor for themſelves provide,
Before the Great Fiat was ſaid,
and Sin did Grace invade,
*Apollo* ſlept in *Thetis* Bed,
and all the World was Shade.

Then Sinful Manhood came in Play,
whoſe utmoſt Care has been,
His Souls Salvation to Betray,
and more and more to Sin,

With

With which Contaminating Vice,
undone was all Mankind,
And with the ſame Sin in a Trice,
was I my Self made Blind.

Great is that Darkneſs *Chriſt* does Say,
Surprizes ev'ry Part,
Of this our Tranſitory Clay,
as well as of the Heart:
The Eye of Heav'n or *Phœbus* Bright,
His Beams to all Reveals,
But if Mans Sight ſaw not his Light,
what wou'd the *Sun* avail.

For any good that can from thence
redown unto the Blind,
Having no other Providence,
to keep Sedate the Mind,
Uſeleſs the Carnal Eye is there
where this true *Light* is found,
No *Pearls* nor *Chataraks* are where,
Such *Luſtre* does abound.

Faith is my Eye and Heav'n my Hope,
with Faith inſtead of Sight,
To *Paradice* my way I'le Grope,
and There enjoy the *Light*,
But Darkneſs proves my Fatal Share,
with me to Live in Sorrow,

And

And for a Life to Day take Care,
which may be gone to Morrow.

But fincc I'm here Conſtrain'd to Dwell,
nor no good thing to View,
God keep me from the way to Hell,
and let what will Enſue,
All others may all things behold,
and Sate their Greedy Eyes,
The Avariceous Man with *Gold*,
as Fopps and Fools with *Toys*.

So may they ſtill, but let my Heart,
O God which is thy Right,
For Thee alone be ſet apart,
and in Thy *Law* Delight,
But ſince from Sin we ſhou'd live clear,
and keep our ſelves from Strife,
My Self I will not ſancy here,
but in another *Life*.

Where Chaff from the good Seed is fann'd,
and Piety ſits Crown'd,
Where *Chriſt* is Plac'd at *Gods* Right Hand,
and Tryumphs does abound,
In which Bleſt Manſion may the juſt,
who here does Vice Deteſt,
And in the *Lord* do put their Truſt,
with my good Reader Reſt.

FINIS.